

BABY REINDEER
EPISODE FIVE

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1

BLACK. VOICEMAIL.

The sound of a thousand voicemails. Building to a crescendo. Behind which we hear the sound of the answering machine--

VOICEMAIL

-- received Sunday 23rd at 2.26pm--

BEEP! Martha's voice penetrates through. She has a calm, poised and moderately direct energy about her now. Staying just the right side of threatening.

MARTHA

Here's the toss of the coin for me--
and I'm going to be quite frank
with you here, now, okay? Because
I've just had some lunch-- yeah?
But when you mentioned my name in
that police station-- and I got
wrapped for that-- that was not
good enough. Because rumours in a
town of morons are the death of
professionals, like me--

(beat)

That's like me going to the head of
comedy-- acting, writing, whatever--
and making waves for you
professionally-- and believe me, I
could have went and made waves--

BEEP! Message deleted. The sound of a dial tone is heard, fading into the darkness. When--

2

INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN RECEPTION - DAY. (JANUARY 2016)

BOOM! Donny enters. The door is heavy and echoes as it clangs shut. A Police Constable called DANIELS (30) - inexperienced, *
unwelcoming - stands at the front desk.

DANIELS

Can I help you--?

DONNY

Yeah, uh--

(beat)

I would like to, report, something--

DANIELS

What would you like to report?

DONNY

Right, well-- I don't know how to
tell you this, but, I'm--

(beat)

-- I'm getting stalked--

Daniels stares. Somewhere between doubt and not caring.

DANIELS
By a man or a woman--?

DONNY
A woman.

DANIELS
And have you had a sexual
relationship with this woman--?

DONNY
No. She's-- quite a bit older than
me...

DANIELS
Age is generally not a factor we
consider--

DONNY
No, of course... I can assure you
though-- I-- I absolutely haven't--

Daniels stares. This is already excruciating.

DANIELS
Can you give me a sense of some of
the things she is doing--?

DONNY
Well, she attacked my girlfriend
the other day...

DANIELS
Yes, well that is a concern...

Daniels goes to type into a nearby desktop computer.

DANIELS
What's her name--?

DONNY
Who, my girlfriend's name--?

DANIELS
Yes, we'll have to speak to her--

Donny balks. His confidence suddenly diminishing.

DONNY
As in...?

DANIELS
We'll have to bring her into the
station and get her account of
things-- maybe interview the both
of you together...

Donny stares. Barely hiding his panic. Before backtracking.

*
*
*
*
*
*

DONNY

Well, it wasn't really-- a
physical, fight, you know? More of
a verbal confrontation-- type thing-

Daniels frowns. What is going on here? He turns away from the
computer and goes back to addressing Donny.

DANIELS

Okay, I think it might help if you go from the top. You say this woman is stalking you--?

DONNY

Yes! She comes to my work-- to my house--

DANIELS

Your house?

DONNY

Yeah-- she just turned up one night -- and wouldn't leave...

DANIELS

Has she been round since--?

DONNY

No, she hasn't-- but she does sit at this bus stop on the street outside-- like, all the time...

Daniels nods gravely. Taking it in with concern.

DANIELS

-- and if we went there now, would she be there--?

DONNY

Oh, I, uh... I'm not sure, actually-

DANIELS

I thought you said she was there all the time--?

DONNY

No, she is, it's just that--

(beat)

-- well, the other day, I took her home...

DANIELS

You took her home--?

DONNY

Yeah--

DANIELS

You took your stalker home--?

DONNY

Yeah-- but only because it was cold and I-- you know-- felt bad for her-

DANIELS

Right.

Daniels stares at him. What is up with this guy? Donny grows flustered and tries to change tack.

DONNY

Look, she sends me emails, like...
all the time--

DANIELS

Are any threatening towards you--?

DONNY

Oh, I'm sure. I mean, let me just
open a random one-

Donny opens up a random email from Martha and shows Daniels.
It reads: "I jussthad an egg".

DANIELS

I wouldn't say that's particularly
threatening.

DONNY

They're in here somewhere, I just
need to-- sift through all the...
(growing desperate)
I mean, look her up on Google--!
There's reams of information online-

DANIELS

What kind of police officer would I
be if I filed reports off Google--?

Donny sighs, exasperatedly.

DONNY

Look, I'm really worried here... I
think she needs help--

DANIELS

How long has it been going on for?

DONNY

Six months, maybe--

DANIELS

Six months?!

Donny nods. Daniels stares in disbelief.

DANIELS

Why did it take you so long to
report it--?

Donny stands there. As the question sinks in. A small,
flicker of panic. When, suddenly--

DONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I just needed the kind of freedom
 in life that can only be afforded
 through limitless ambition--
 dreaming big and punching your way
 to get there--*

6 **EXT. THE HOPPY, STREET - DAY.**

(JULY 2013)

Donny turns off the meadows and down some random streets as the hysteria of the Fringe starts to disappear. Donny looks up at his venue. It is a dump. An old man's pub.

DONNY (V.O.)
*-- and so as I arrived at my venue
 that year on the outskirts of town--
 and spotted the peeling paint, the
 grubby windows-- the sticky floors
 and the stench of chip fat as I
 walked in--*

7 **INT. THE HOPPY, MAIN AREA - DAY.**

(JULY 2013)

Donny enters. Not a Fringe vibe at all. A few losers sit around staring into their pints while the football plays.

DONNY (V.O.)
It felt like everything to me--

Donny smiles. Then makes his way to the bar. The Barmaid GWEN (50) - wry, unimpressed - is reading a trashy tabloid newspaper. Not the least bit interested. Not even looking up.

DONNY
 Hi.

GWEN
 Yo.

DONNY
 Can you tell me, where to go for
 the comedy--?

GWEN
 Performer or punter?

DONNY
 Performer.

Gwen looks up to check whether he is famous. Before returning to her paper.

GWEN
 Door over there.

Donny wanders over to the door and opens it. In the cupboard, amongst a mop and bucket, is a small, tin-can amp. Donny laughs, disbelievingly. Then wanders back over to Gwen.

DONNY

Do you mean a different door, or--?

GWEN

Plug it in in the corner, and shove the table to the side--

DONNY

This is my stage? Here?! In with the main bar--?!

Gwen shrugs. Donny starts to panic.

DONNY

I mean-- do the televisions stay on?!

GWEN

We mute.

DONNY

And the punters?!

GWEN

You can ask them to leave, if you'd like--?

DONNY

Oh no, I can't do that! They're here twelve months a year, I'm only here one--

(beat)

Can you ask them to leave?

GWEN

No.

Pause. Donny swallows, his panic growing. He scans his eyes across the hard-looking faces of the customers.

DONNY

Do they even want to see comedy--?

GWEN

Only one way to find out.

Donny starts wandering around the punters with his flyers.

DONNY

(to a Punter)

Comedy show starting in two minutes if you're interested?

The punter doesn't even look up. Donny moves on.

DONNY
 (to a different Punter)
 Comedy show in two minutes--?

PUNTER
 Tell us a joke?

DONNY
 I don't do jokes-- it's sort of,
 like, a deconstruction of stand-up--

The Punter bursts out laughing.

PUNTER
 That is funny!

Donny walks back to the stage, fear-stricken.

DONNY
 (sotto)
 Well, this is going to be a fucking
 disaster...

Donny moves the table to the side and plugs in the amp.
 Before checking his watch. He turns to Gwen.

DONNY
 Okay, we had better begin--

Gwen raises the remote above her head and mutes the
 television without looking. The punters moan in unison. We
 hear - "FUCKING EDINBURGH FRINGE!" - amongst the moans.

DONNY
 Okay ladies and gentlemen,
 WELCOME TO THE COMEDY...!

Nobody cheers. In fact, nobody even looks up.

DONNY
 I'm going to go behind that wall
 there to change-- and when I shout
 out-- you all go mad and welcome me
 to the stage--
 (beat)
 How does that sound--?

One person whoops.

DONNY
 Great, one person--

A small titter.

DONNY
 Okay, here goes--

Donny darts behind the nearby wall. He pulls off his hoody and joggers, revealing a ridiculous sparkly onesie. He then puts on a wig and some massive star sunglasses. He then takes a big, deep breath, and shouts back into the pub--

DONNY

Please welcome to the stage...

DONNY DUNN!

Donny comes out doing a big, arrogant introduction. Everyone stares on horrified, as Donny goes hell for leather. Whooping and hollering and bowing as though he is performing at a massive gig. When he finishes and wanders to the microphone.

DONNY

So my Mum died today...

Nothing. No laughter.

DONNY

Nothing?! Really--?! It's funny opening a show like that when my Mum has just died... No?

(beat)

"Antithesis"--

Nothing. No laughter still. Donny perseveres by going into a nearby suitcase and taking out a puppet parrot.

DONNY

Give me a cheer if you want to meet my friend Percy--?

Nothing. No cheers.

DONNY

You're going to meet him anyway!

Donny starts an act where the ventriloquist is really bad at ventriloquism. He raises the puppet parrot.

DONNY

"How are you today, Percy...?"

(moving lips)

"I'm good, thanks, you...?!"

PUNTER

You can't move your lips if you're a ventriloquist!

DONNY

THAT'S THE FUCKING JOKE--!

BILLY
 "LOL-on Cancer"...

DONNY
 Yep-- great, title, huh--?

Donny laughs. Billy forces a smile.

BILLY
 We'll try--

Donny smiles. Overly eager. An awkward pause ensues.

DONNY
 So you guys seen anything decent--?

BILLY
 I'll see you later.

DONNY
 Yep--

They all turn and leave abruptly. Donny cringes at himself as they go. When DARRIEN (55) - charming, camp, with a subtle charisma - approaches.

DARRIEN
 Wankers, aren't they--?

DONNY
 Yeah-- terrible first impression on my part, though...

DARRIEN
 Oh, shocking! You'll never work in the industry again.

DONNY
 Chance would be a fine thing...

They share a laugh. Donny nods at Billy.

DONNY
 See that bloke there?

DARRIEN
 Yeah.

DONNY
 He wrote Cotton Mouth. Fucking amazing, you seen it--?

DARRIEN
 Bits and bobs. Not my thing.

DONNY
 Then, you're mental--
 (beat)

DONNY (CONT'D)

It should be illegal for people to be that young and that successful.

DARRIEN

Want to slip poison in his drink?

DONNY

Wow. That's dark. But yes.

They laugh.

DONNY

Anyway, the actors made that show if you ask me--

DARRIEN

Couldn't agree more.

DONNY

Man. I hate that I care about his opinion...

Donny shakes his head at himself. A little morose.

DARRIEN

What do you do--?

DONNY

I'm a comedian when they laugh. A performance artist when they don't--

DARRIEN

-- and how were they tonight?

DONNY

They came for the art.

Darrien laughs. Pause.

DONNY

I'm Donny by the way.

DARRIEN

Darrien O'Connor.

DONNY

As in--?!

DARRIEN

Cotton Mouth.

DONNY

(beat)

What?! But then-- who's--?!

DARRIEN

My writing assistant. Former writing assistant now I know he's stealing my job...

DONNY

Oh, my God, I'm so sorry! All that actor stuff-- merely banter-- I know who you are! The writing was the best bit about that show--!

DARRIEN

Don't worry!

DONNY

I mean, you just said you didn't like it--?!

DARRIEN

I don't.

DONNY

But... why do it then...?

DARRIEN

I'm a televisual prostitute. I'll take whatever anyone gives me.

Darrien smiles a mildly flirtatious smile. Donny laughs awkwardly. Suddenly aware he might be hitting on him.

DONNY

How about a failing comedian--?

They laugh together, then both take a drink simultaneously. As they drink, Donny catches eyes with Darrien who smiles.

17 **SCENE DELETED.**

18 **SCENE DELETED.**

19 **INT. THE HOPPY, CORNER AREA - DAY.** **(AUGUST 2013)**

Donny is backstage changing into his sparkly onesie with a newfound resolve. Buoyed by the interaction last night.

DONNY (V.O.)

I couldn't believe it. I had been here one week and already shaken hands with someone who had shaped the rhetoric of my childhood--

(beat)

DONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*-- and for the first time this
 festival, I couldn't wait to get
 back out on stage and do it all
 over again--*

Donny peers out. He sees his audience of two and smiles a self-pitying smile. But still remaining buoyant, he motions over to Gwen who raises the remote and mutes the television.

We hear people groaning and getting up to leave as Donny returns to his microphone backstage. Where he takes a deep breath and announces himself to the stage.

DONNY
 Ladies and Gentlemen, please
 welcome to the stage-- the man who
 puts the LOL in Proprano-LOL--!
 (sotto)
 Will probably cut that bit...
 (beat)
 DONNY DUNN--!

Donny steps out and looks into his crowd. The same two audience members are there and Darrien. WHAT?!

Donny stalls upon seeing him. When, fuck it. He launches into the big intro again. Whooping and hollering and bowing and cheering. Before getting to the mic.

DONNY
 So my Mum died today...

Everyone laughs. Even Donny is surprised by it.

DONNY
 I was going to cancel the gig, but
 I suppose this is what she would
 have wanted. Me to die with her--

Another big laugh. Even Gwen is watching. Wryly smiling.

DONNY
 Anyway, who wants to meet my friend
 Percy--?

The audience cheer. Very much going along with it. As Donny pulls up the puppet parrot on his arm.

DONNY
 "How are you today, Percy...?"
 (moving lips)
 "I'm good, thanks, you...?!"

The audience really laugh. Darrien is really enjoying it. Donny looks to him and smiles. Pleased with himself. Before--

20

INT. THE HOPPY, ENTRANCE DOORS - DAY.**(AUGUST 2013)**

Donny is standing with a bucket. The random couple drop coins and smile at him as they leave. Darrien drops in a twenty.

DONNY
Jesus, a twenty--?!

DARRIEN
I didn't get a goodbye last night,
so I thought I would come get it
now--

DONNY
Oh, right, well... goodbye!

Darrien turns to go.

DONNY
NO! No! I'm joking-- sorry...

Donny laughs awkwardly. Darrien studies him.

DARRIEN
You're strange.

DONNY
Am I? Shit--

DARRIEN
Don't worry. I don't mind a bit of
strange--

Donny smiles, a little self-consciously. When Darrien removes a card and hands it to Donny.

DARRIEN
Let's meet up and talk. I think I
might have a few pointers on how to
take this show to the next level--

DONNY
Yeah, great!

Donny smiles. Darrien gives him a nod and a smile.

DARRIEN
Laterz, then.

DONNY
Yeah-- laterz... cowboy...

Donny cringes at himself as Darrien turns and goes. He waits for him to disappear before exploding into a mini-celebration to himself. Dancing around in the doorway. When he catches eyes with Gwen and stops immediately.

25

INT. VIP LOUNGE, CENTRE TABLE - NIGHT.**(AUGUST 2013)**

The camera circles around Donny and Darrien as they chat at a table. An array of half-drunk cocktails in front of them.

DONNY (V.O.)

-- drinking cocktails until the early hours-- talking endlessly about the show and what we were going to do with it when the festival was over--

DARRIEN

We need to get you performing in London-- I'll try and get you on at the West End or something-

DONNY

Wow! Yeah! That would be great--!

26

INT. VIP LOUNGE, CENTRE TABLE - NIGHT.**(AUGUST 2013)**

A different night. The camera still circles seamlessly. But their outfits and drinks change on each spin.

DONNY (V.O.)

Darrien was like someone I had never met before. A self-prescribed-

DARRIEN

Buddhist, polyamorous, pansexual-- with a taste for the finer things in life--

DONNY (V.O.)

He told me these mad stories of going to Thailand and swallowing these mushrooms which gave him divine healing-- and recounted the craziest sex stories I had ever heard--

DARRIEN

It's hard to yell for help when you're chained to a radiator with a ball-gag in your mouth--!

Donny howls with laughter.

DONNY (V.O.)

Within two weeks of knowing him, he had opened my eyes to the kind of excitement I didn't even know existed--

27

INT. VIP LOUNGE, CENTRE TABLE - NIGHT.**(AUGUST 2013)**

A different night. Different outfits. Different drinks. The camera circling and circling.

DARRIEN

That's the big smoke for you. It holds the power of possibility--

DONNY (V.O.)

London felt like the stuff of dreams. Sprawling. Exciting. Sexual, almost. Like I could feel the city calling me to it--

DARRIEN

You'd suit it, you know. The capital. You'd wear it well.

Darrien takes a drink and smiles. A little flirtatiously. Donny smiles back. Barely containing his excitement.

DONNY (V.O.)

-- and as we sat in that private members bar and put the world to rights-- I felt like I was gliding on the winds of change. Like this man was dangling some keys to a secret club and all I needed to do was take his hand and let him guide me--

28

INT. VIP LOUNGE, TOILET CUBICLE - NIGHT.**(AUGUST 2013)**

Sudden normality. Darrien pushes Donny into the toilet.

DONNY

What the hell are we doing in here?

DARRIEN

Shhh! Shh! They patrol the toilets!

Darrien cuts a line of cocaine on the toilet roll dispenser. Donny stares unnerved but tries to play it cool. Darrien sniffs. Then stands and whispers to Donny, slightly manic.

DARRIEN

We need to get you writing scripts with me--

DONNY

Yeah, that sounds-- amazing!

DARRIEN

You're heading for a big moment here, in your life-- are you ready?

DONNY
I'm ready for anything--

DARRIEN
Good. Here--

Darrien hands Donny the note. Donny knows what he has to do. He gets on his knees and hesitatingly snorts a line.

29 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)
*But all good things come to an end.
Darrien went back to London early,
and I didn't hear from him for the
rest of the festival--*

30 **INT. THE HOPPY, MAIN AREA - DAY. (AUGUST 2013)**

Donny is performing to a packed out audience. He has a condom on his head. He is really smashing the gig.

DONNY
-- hey, if you think that's bad! I was so drunk I ended up putting the hairnet on my penis--!

A big laugh. When he looks to the empty seat Darrien used to sit in. Trying to swallow down how gutted he feels.

DONNY (V.O.)
*Maybe he was taking a break, or on
holiday somewhere-- but it felt
strange--*

31 **INT. THE HOPPY, MAIN AREA - DAY. (AUGUST 2013)**

Donny stands in the middle of the bar. As it is packed away.

DONNY (V.O.)
*-- and as the televisions came back
on and the football started to play-*

32 **EXT. EDINBURGH, STREET - DAY. (AUGUST 2013)**

Donny walks back through the festival. Backpack on. As various workers take down the signs around him.

DONNY (V.O.)
*-- the flyers got binned-- and the
posters came down-- I questioned
whether it was some crazy dream.
Whether it even happened at all-*

DARRIEN

Come in--

42 **INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY.** **(NOVEMBER 2013)**

Donny walks into a quite comfortable and chic flat. A little underwhelming. But still nice with plants and relics and spiritual stuff all around the place.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I am not sure what I expected,
walking into Darrien's flat-- but I
was taken aback by how surprisingly
domestic it all was.*

(beat)

*I immediately felt an odd sort of
peace there--*

Donny suddenly spots a cat scratching about in the corner.

DONNY

Oh, wow! You have a cat!

DARRIEN

Fergus! We're very much in love.

DONNY

Wow. I'm not surprised...

(to the cat)

You're a lovely little fella,
aren't you Fergus--?

Donny strokes the cat smilingly which warms to him in return. Darrien sees them bonding and has a private smile to himself.

DARRIEN

Cup of tea?

DONNY

Yeah! Please--

Donny follows him into the kitchen.

42A **SCENE DELETED.**

43 **INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY.** **(NOVEMBER 2013)**

Donny and Darrien are sitting in the living room with cups of tea. Donny goes into his bag and takes out a bulky script.

DONNY

So, I, uh-- I've actually written
up some scenes and stuff, nothing
major-- still needs a bit of work--

Donny hands it over. Darrien flicks through.

DARRIEN
Sixty pages?

DONNY
Yeah, didn't take long.

Darrien gives him a disbelieving look, then returns to the script. Feeling slightly overwhelmed by the length of it all.

DARRIEN
I tell you what, why don't you give me the gist--? It will be a good lesson in pitching--

DONNY
Okay, well-- it's about this guy called Nigel-- a high-flying lawyer who decides at the age of fifty, to try his hand at professional wrestling--

DARRIEN
That's quite niche.

DONNY
Is it--?

DARRIEN
Yeah, I mean-- who watches wrestling anymore, who is above the age of six--?

DONNY
(bluffing)
... yeah, no... not me, anyway--

Donny tries to hide his embarrassment. Darrien smiles.

DARRIEN
Continue.

DONNY
Well, basically. He gets the bug and starts wrestling more and more and soon he is struggling to keep the balance between his two worlds. Turning up to court cases with black eyes-- or he's forgotten to take his make-up off-- and soon, Nigel has a choice to make--

Darrien already absolutely hates this idea.

DONNY

Live his life as a lawyer. Or
Hangman Harry, the mud-stomping,
beer-swilling, bar-room brawler
from Austin, Texas.

(beat)

Hangman Harry is his wrestling
name.

Darrien stares. Mildly appalled. Then hands back the script.

DARRIEN

Needs more work.

DONNY

Oh. But you haven't read it?

DARRIEN

I'll read it when you sell it to me-

Donny nods, disappointed.

DONNY

I mean, I could sit in another room
and try to--

DARRIEN

Do you want to get high?

Donny looks taken aback by the question.

DONNY

What? Here--?!

DARRIEN

Yeah, why not? We can go out later
and grab a drink-- it'll be like
Edinburgh all over again--

DONNY

Uh...

(uncertain)

Yeah, sure--

Darrien gets up and opens a cupboard. He pulls out a slate
with lines already on it and a straw. Donny looks nervous as
his back is turned. But smiles when Darrien turns back.

Darrien hands the straw to Donny who hesitatingly sniffs a
line and hands it back. Darrien smiles in a slightly odd,
proud way. Before sniffing a line himself--

Later on. Donny is high as a kite. Darrien is spread out on
the sofa next to him. Completely in his element.

DONNY

Holy shit! You've worked with some comedy greats! What are they like?!

DARRIEN

Average--

DONNY

You can't mean that, they're legends! Some of them are in my top six dinner-party guests, for sure! Have you ever played that game? Where you can invite anyone you want to your house for dinner, but you can only pick six--?!

DARRIEN

Ugh! Sounds horrible. My home is a sacred space-- it takes somebody very special to be allowed in--

Darrien smiles at Donny. Who is caught out slightly by the deepness of the answer. He decides to deflect.

DONNY

What, really?! That's a cop out answer! Come on, who would they be?

DARRIEN

They wouldn't be celebrities. They would be leaders, gurus, the spiritually awake-- either that or me, around each place--

DONNY

Shit! Six of you at the one party! I couldn't imagine how many drugs there'd be--!

Darrien laughs. Pause.

DONNY

Fine, I'll tell you mine-- Gervais, Sacha Baron-Cohen, Julia Davis, Coogan, Prior, and, I dunno, Gandhi or someone-- because you need to look virtuous with these kinds of things--

Darrien laughs. Then sits up.

DARRIEN

Do you want to get really high?

DONNY

Fuck yeah.

DARRIEN
No, like, really high--?

DONNY
Fuck yeah!

Darrien smiles and gets up. As he goes, we stay on Donny, whose jaw is going haywire from all the cocaine. In amongst it all, we can see he is still not entirely comfortable--

DONNY
What was their secret by the way?

DARRIEN
What do you mean?

DONNY
Like, what did they all do to get where they are today--?

DARRIEN
They listened to me.

Donny laughs.

DARRIEN
I'm serious. They threw themselves into everything I asked of them.

DONNY
That's awesome!

Darrien turns and sits back down. He places some stuff on the table between them. A couple of shots of something and two small objects wrapped in rizla paper.

DARRIEN
Here, come sit next to me--

Donny moves over next to him on the couch.

DONNY
What's all this--?

DARRIEN
This-- is a bomb of MDMA--

DONNY
Oh, I think I've heard of that. It's basically like a good pill, or a pure pill, or whatever-- right?

DARRIEN
That's right, and this is GHB. It's a relaxant. It relaxes you--

Darrien hands the shot to Donny. Then raises his to cheers.

DARRIEN
Trust me, you haven't experienced
anything like it--

Donny stares at Darrien. Then raises up his shot to cheers.

DONNY
I haven't experienced anything like
you, that's for sure--!

Donny cheers back, then bombs the rizla, and downs the shot.

DONNY
Fuck me, that's disgusting--

DARRIEN
A little pain, for a little gain--

Darrien smiles, oddly proud. Then ruffles his hair. Donny
smiles back. Infantile. Desperate to please.

45 **INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2013)**

Donny is lying back. Melting into the couch. Staring up at
the ceiling. A new level of high. The grade becomes soft and
he appears more innocent, almost--

DONNY (V.O.)
*The first time I came up was like
nothing I had ever experienced. It
felt like a beam of divine light
shone down from space, through
Darrien's roof and into his living
room, exactly where I was sitting--
as warm Indian Ocean waves passed
up and down my body--*

DARRIEN
You've got a big future ahead, a
very big future--

Donny lolls his head to the side and stares at Darrien, in
complete drug-fuelled bliss. His eyes welling with euphoria.

DONNY (V.O.)
*-- and on that couch, Darrien spoke
about my talents in the same vein
as all my comedy heroes growing up--
and with every sentence he said,
and every drug I took, I started to
believe it. Smell it. Taste it,
even. That my dreams were
quantifiable. That I could almost
reach out and grasp them as they
untangled before me--*

Suddenly, Darrien flops his leg over Donny's leg. It takes Donny by surprise. As he lolls his head down to look.

DARRIEN
You don't mind, do you--?

DONNY
No...

Donny stares down for a few beats. When he sits up, suddenly.

DONNY
Oh shit.

DARRIEN
-- what?

DONNY
I think I'm going to puke!

Darrien takes his leg off and Donny gets up. He can barely walk as his body is so weak from all the intoxicants and so he wobbles himself down to his hands and knees. Woozy.

DARRIEN
Go to the bathroom--

DONNY
I don't think-- I'll...

Donny crawls along the floor. Trying so hard to hold it. But knowing he cannot. When he spots a cat bowl nearby--

DARRIEN
No! No! Not in the cat bowl--

Too late. Donny throws up violently into the cat bowl. A hell of a lot of very watery, weird-coloured puke.

DARRIEN
Are you okay--?!?

DONNY
Shit! My eyes are burning!

DARRIEN
Here, I'll pat your back--

Darrien fake-laughs, and flops himself down on the floor beside him. Patting his back as he vomits.

DONNY
-- thank you, thank you-- I'm so sorry--

We see Darrien's hand move down Donny's back. Patting as he goes but soon turning into a rub. Donny carries on throwing up. Oblivious to how close Darrien's hand is to his backside.

DONNY

-- oh God-- I'm so sorry--

When, in one swift movement, Darrien's hand slides under the back of his waist band and he plunges his fingers up inside his arsehole. Molesting him there.

Even in amongst the vomiting, Donny reacts to it with pain. His face contorted and distressed. Not quite sure what is going on but wincing in silent agony.

We stay on Donny grimacing with deep discomfort. Completely conflicted. Darrien's fingers up inside him now. He lets it go on for about ten seconds when the pain becomes unbearable and Donny shouts from a deep-place--

DONNY

Stop!

Darrien stops immediately. He gets up and goes into the kitchen. Donny pulls himself up against the wall to catch his breath. But remains sitting on the floor. Covered in sick.

DARRIEN

I'm sorry, that was unacceptable.

Darrien puts on the kettle and washes his hands in the sink. Donny stares at him traumatised.

DARRIEN

Will almond milk do--?

Donny nods. Darrien pours the tea and walks over with it.

DARRIEN

Here you go, that'll sort you out--

Darrien hands him the tea. Donny looks down at it, then looks back up at Darrien with tears in his eyes.

DONNY

I'm really sorry about that--

Donny stares with glistening eyes. On the edge of crying.

DARRIEN

It's okay. We'll go slower next time--

Darrien smiles. Then gets up. Leaving Donny on the floor.

46 **SCENE DELETED.**

47 **SCENE DELETED.**

51

INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.**(DECEMBER 2013)**

Donny and Darrien are high in the living room in the exact same position as last time. With Donny's head back on the couch and Darrien lying back his legs spread across him.

DONNY

I thought I'd blown it, you know--

DARRIEN

What?

DONNY

This. When I threw up--

DARRIEN

Oh, don't be silly! Would take a lot more than vomit for me to be put off by your talents...

Donny flops his head to the side to stare at Darrien. High as a kite. His eyes glisten with emotion.

DONNY

Thank you. Thank you so much. If there's anything I can do--

DARRIEN

Just keep dreaming.

DONNY

Oh, that's easy...

Donny rolls his head back to face the ceiling.

DARRIEN

You can't tell anyone by the way. About our way of working.

DONNY

No, sure--

DARRIEN

This is a very unique way of unlocking the creative process and there are too many shut down types who won't see what we do here as normal--

Donny stares up at the ceiling, processing this for a moment.

DONNY

Well, fuck em--

Darrien smiles, appreciatively.

DONNY (V.O.)
*-- and when you take enough drugs
to feel that transcendental plane
upon which all thought stops and
euphoria begins-- talks of the
future and plans and fame and
happiness-- feel almost as real as
the chemicals that flow through
your blood and brain--*

Donny falls slowly backwards to the floor. His eyes lolling around his head, as he judders on the ground. A weird smile creeps across his face as froth starts forming in his mouth.

DONNY (V.O.)
*It was only a matter of time now--
surely...*

Donny's eyes slowly droop to a close. When, suddenly--

56 **SCENE DELETED.**

57 **SCENE DELETED.**

58 **SCENE DELETED.**

59 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)
*I passed out many times in his
company--*

60 **INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY. (JANUARY 2015)**

Some months later. Donny's eyes open, blearily. He looks down. Darrien is groping him in the spooning position. Donny starts moving to get up. Darrien immediately gets off him.

DONNY (V.O.)
*I would wake to find him lying next
to me. Usually spooning me. Often
groping me. Sometimes leaping to
his feet with a guilty look on his
face--*

61 **INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, BATHROOM - DAY. (JANUARY 2015)**

Donny walks into the bathroom, like a zombie.

KEELELY

But, what's he done?! You've worked
in a bar since you came to London!
You do everything for him for free!

DONNY

I don't have time for this
conversation--

Donny grabs his bag and storms out the room.

65 **SCENE DELETED.**

66 **INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. (JULY 2015)**

Donny is opposite Darrien as he raises up two lollipops.

DONNY (V.O.)

*That night, Darrien presented me
with acid--*

DARRIEN

I will take half of one and you
take one and a half. I will act as
your guide, so you feel safe--

Donny nods, trying to hide his anxiety. Before popping the
lollipop in his mouth. Darrien smiles and ruffles his hair.

67 **INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. (JULY 2015)**

Donny sits on the couch. Gradually coming up. While Darrien
sorts out some music from a stereo at the side.

DARRIEN

The trick is to let the music take
you where it wants to--

Donny nods, unsure. When Darrien clicks play. Intense,
Amazonian dance music thuds through the flat. Darrien dims
the lights and then smiles at Donny. Who smiles back, uneasy.

Darrien then turns and starts dancing an odd Amazonian jig in
front of him. Donny stares. Weirded out by it all and we sit
inside the awkwardness of it all for a while.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I sometimes think back to this
image-- me, mid-twenties-- sitting
high as a kite, watching this fifty-
five year old man dancing an odd
Amazonian jig in front of me, when
somebody asks me the question--*

(beat)

"How did you get into comedy--?"

Darrien shouts out, in the middle of dancing.

DARRIEN
Keep telling me what you're seeing--

DONNY
Shimmering colours, the outline of
something--

DARRIEN
So I'm a phoenix, right now? Is
that what you're seeing--?!

Donny sits up. Suddenly aware that he is tripping.

DARRIEN
It's important you see me as
something strong, a phoenix-- a
knight--

Donny startles as his eyes take hold of more tripping.

DARRIEN
How about one of those wrestlers
you like--?

Suddenly, Donny sits bolt upright as a thought enters his mind. Time suspending as we stay tight on him. As he desperately tries to process his panic. His eyes wild.

DONNY (V.O.)
*Suddenly-- seemingly from nowhere--
this clear, strong thought entered
my head. "He's trying to control
your mind--"*

This thought registers like a bolt of lightning. Darrien sees him suddenly perturbed and stops dancing.

DARRIEN
... what's wrong--?

Donny does not respond. Lost in the strength of the thought.

DONNY (V.O.)
*It was the purest thought I had
ever had, and it pummelled through
me like a clarion in the darkness.*
(beat)
*This man is wrong. This situation
is wrong. Get out. Now.*

Donny shoots to his feet. Screaming from a deep place.

DONNY
FFFFUCK!!!

Donny starts having a panic attack, as Darrien rushes over.

DARRIEN
It's off! It's off!

DONNY
FFFFUCK!!!

DARRIEN
Here, here-- have this, it will
take the edge off.

Darrien hands him a shot. Slightly different to what we have seen them take before. But a distressed Donny knocks it back.

DONNY
Fuck!!!

Donny coughs. Recoiling in disgust. When Darrien cups his hand over his mouth to keep the liquid in.

DARRIEN
No! Don't! Try to keep it in..

Darrien has his hand over Donny's mouth. Trying to give him a reassuring look. Donny stares at him with frightened eyes.

DARRIEN
Swallow, swallow...

Donny calms down a little in his gaze. Then swallows.

DARRIEN
Good, that's good-- it'll help...

Darrien takes his hand away from his mouth. Donny stands there. Almost like he can feel the strength of the liquid travelling through his body. He starts to grow panicky.

DONNY
Oh God...

DARRIEN
What?

DONNY
That was strong!

DARRIEN
What do you mean?

DONNY
THAT WAS STRONG! THAT WAS STRONG!

Donny starts freaking out.

DARRIEN
What is it?!

DONNY
 FFFFUCK!!! FUCK!!! FUCK!!!

DARRIEN
 It's okay, it will be okay--

Darrien grabs him and moves him down on the couch behind. Donny is absolutely freaking out now. As Darrien reaches out and starts rubbing his chest in a bid to settle him.

DARRIEN
 Breathe into my hand! Breathe--!

Donny starts breathing into his hand, and mimicking Darrien's breath as they hold eye contact.

DARRIEN
 This is part of it. It's all part of it--

Darrien's rubbing soon slows down and becomes sexual. As Donny starts to slumber. Not entirely sure what is happening. When Darrien lifts up his shirt and kisses around his belly.

DONNY
 No-- no...

DARRIEN
 It's fine, it'll help bring you back to body--

Donny's body starts weakening. He tries to pull himself up the couch. But he is too weak to fight what is happening.

DONNY
 Fff.. ffck...

DARRIEN
 Sh-shh! Relax, relax...

Donny's energy is fading fast. His body starts to lose its energy and his eyelids start to droop.

DONNY
 No... no...

DARRIEN
 Shh-sh! It's fine! It's fine!

Donny starts to pass out as Darrien starts trying to undo the string on his joggers. But he struggles with the knot.

DONNY
 I...

Darrien gives up on the knot and starts yanking his trousers down. Just as darkness overwhelms the frame. When, suddenly--

70 **BLACK.**

Silence. Just for a moment. When--

71 **INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. (JULY 2015)**

BOOM! Donny wakes. Gasping for air. Darrien is naked from the waist down now and between his legs. As the Cranberries' 'Dreams' plays. This time, distorted and weird. Abject chaos everywhere. The music. The tripping. The horror.

DONNY

Please! I...

DARRIEN

You're resisting too much! Let the drug take you where it wants to go!

Darrien tries again. But fails again. So he spits on his hands and starts shoving his fingers inside him instead. Donny winces in agony. His face contorted but his body limp.

DARRIEN

Just untense yourself! Untense!

Donny is fighting hard but he is almost completely passed out now. His body is no longer able to fight. We stay on Donny's face as he looks down. Through the blur of his eyesight he focuses on something and frowns ever-so-slightly.

DONNY (V.O.)

The last thought I remember having, was-- "He's barely erect! What is he getting from it, if he's barely erect?!"-- as darkness clouded my peripheries for a final time--

72 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

-- and I passed out completely--

The Cranberries' 'Dreams' final refrain plays out over black. The hallowed sound of the singers howling and howling as the song slowly fades in the background. Leaving us with nothing but a crushing silence at the end of it all.

73 **INT. PARENTS HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY. (JULY 2000)**

We stay on black for a few moments, when we hear the rustling of a camera being set up on a tripod. Soon it clicks on and we open frame on a random chair, as the lens catches focus.

Soon we see YOUNG DONNY (10) enter the frame and sit in a chair, dressed in a ridiculous cowboy outfit.

YOUNG DONNY

Hello, my name is Donny Dunn and
when I grow up I want to be a world
famous comedian. Here is my first
character-- Jonny Knucks--
(Southern American)
"Hello! I'm Jonny Knucks--"

*
*
*
*

74

INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY.

(JULY 2015)

Donny wakes up worse for wear. He looks down at himself. He is wearing different trousers. The place is oddly clean.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I don't even remember thinking. I
don't even remember having
thoughts. Just that his statues and
spiritual relics, now, in the cold
light of day, looked tacky. Bought.
Almost like the faces had turned to
scowls and the air around them had
thickened with a creepiness--*

Darrien walks into the room with rubber gloves on.

DARRIEN

How did you find it--?

Donny stares, not knowing how to answer. Still high. Still processing. His eyes wild, and traumatised. Darrien smiles.

DARRIEN

You should shower. A wash and some
warm water will do you good--

75

INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, BATHROOM - DAY.

(JULY 2015)

Donny takes off his clothes in the bathroom. He reaches out a shaking hand and tests the water of the shower and watches as it trickles down his arms. Glistening. He stands there, mesmerised. Smiling, almost, through tears.

Donny gets in the shower. He dangles his head under first, letting the water fall around his head. But the second he submerges himself fully, the water stings his backside and he steps back out. Silently wincing, as to not be heard.

He perches himself down on the side of the bath instead, and has a very silent, very painful, guttural sob to himself. When there is a knock at the door--

DARRIEN

Can I come in--?

Donny gets up and opens the door. Darrien is holding a big, gigantic towel open for Donny to wrap himself in.

Donny just bursts out crying and falls into the towel. Darrien wraps it around him and cradles him, as he sobs.

76

BLACK.

DONNY (V.O.)

I would love to say I left. That I stormed out and never went back-- but I stayed for days afterwards.

(beat)

In fact, come the 6th of July-- I cried on the couch and told him I didn't feel safe and he apologised like he always did, and told me it would never happen again--

(beat)

On July 7th, I got an eye infection and lay on his floor while he bathed it in salt water--

(beat)

On July 8th, I fed his cat while he took phone calls.

(beat)

On July 9th, he cooked me tofu and rice.

(beat)

On July 10th, I finally went home--

77

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY.**(JULY 2015)**

Donny is doubled over in his room. He looks utterly dreadful. Sweating. Yellow. Manic.

DONNY (V.O.)

I didn't shower or shit for days afterwards. In the dark prism of my denial, I figured that if I did it and felt pain-- then I couldn't carry on convincing myself that nothing had happened--

(beat)

Somehow denying the truth felt easier--

78

SCENE DELETED

79

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY.**(JULY 2015)**

Donny is crawling along the floor to the toilet.

DONNY (V.O.)

What bothered me most was the not knowing--

*

86

EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE, STREET - DAY.

(JULY 2015)

Donny waits on curb. Some flowers in his hands. Tears in his eyes as he waits on something. Anxiously.

*

*

DONNY (V.O.)

The questions that reared their head at the worst possible times--

*

*

*

Suddenly a taxi pulls up. Out of which Keeley appears. She looks at him with daggers. Still clearly annoyed at him. But then she registers him crying and softens slightly.

*

*

*

Against her impulses she walks up to him and gently hugs him. Donny does his best to hide his tears behind her back. But fails and so Keeley looks at him. Stirring him gently.

*

*

*

KEELEY

Hey! What's going on with you--?

*

*

DONNY

No, nothing-- I just--

*

*

(beat)

*

-- feel bad for how we left things.

*

KEELEY

Oh, come here, silly--

*

*

Keeley pulls him into another hug. Donny is still deeply upset as he holds Keeley tightly in his arms and clings on.

*

*

87

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.

(JULY 2015)

The next day. Keeley and Donny flop onto the bed. Keeley starts kissing his neck but Donny is finding it difficult.

DONNY (V.O.)

What happened all those moments I passed out? Did he ever believe in me or was this whole thing some pre-planned manipulation? Was he sober the entire time--?

Keeley pulls away.

KEELEY

Are you okay--?

DONNY

Yeah, yeah... I'm fine...

Keeley smiles and goes back to kissing his neck.

DONNY (V.O.)

Why wasn't he erect? Yet so desperate to keep going? Was it simply a desire to corrupt? To achieve whatever his sick mind wanted to achieve? Was that the turn on? To ruin my life--?

Donny sits up. Breaking their intimacy.

DONNY

Do you want to watch something instead? I'm not feeling it--

KEELEY

No, shut up--

Keeley pushes him down and starts kissing him again. But Donny sits back up again. Breaking their intimacy.

DONNY
I'm sorry, it's just-- not
happening today--

KEELEY
It didn't happen yesterday either--

DONNY
Well, maybe, I just need to take a
break from it all then, okay?

Donny snaps slightly. Keeley looks taken aback.

KEELEY
What, from sex, or from me--?

Donny hesitates. Keeley sees this, and--

KEELEY
Wow. Okay. Wow...

Keeley gets up and storms out. Donny closes his eyes, pained.

88 **EXT. LONDON, STREET - DAY.** (JULY 2015)

Donny walks down the street. Paranoid. Edgy.

DONNY (V.O.)
*Without Keeley, I became suicidal.
The last bastion of light and love
in my life had left-- so now all I
had to do was stare into the gulf
of what happened--*

89 **INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND, TUBE - DAY.** (JULY 2015)

Donny sits behind a nice-looking man. Conflicted. Confused.
He tries not to look at him. But his eye is invariably drawn.

DONNY (V.O.)
*I started to feel this overwhelming
sexual confusion crashing through
my body. Like, because this crime
was committed by a man-- I must
now, in fact, be gay--*

The man suddenly looks up, so Donny quickly stands and moves
away. Waiting by the doors. When he looks back. Catching eyes
with the man again who is frowning ambivalently at him.

DONNY (V.O.)
*It felt ludicrous-- I had never
been with someone of the same sex--
but it was an insecurity that grew
into a raging madness within me--*

DONNY (V.O.)

*Like if I am passed around like a
fucking whore, then I might at
least shed this idea that my body
is part of me, somehow--*

(beat)

*Like who cares if it happened the
first time-- it has now happened a
ton of times so what does it
matter...?*

104A **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

But it mattered...

(beat)

*It mattered because he took my
confidence to go out and chase the
world away from me--*

105 **INT. COCKTAIL BAR, MAIN AREA - NIGHT. (SEPTEMBER 2015)**

Donny stands to greet a cis-woman. They shake hands and both sit down. The atmosphere very tense and nervous.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Dates and relationships by the
dozen-- all of which started off in
the gutter of what happened--*

106 **INT. COCKTAIL BAR, MAIN AREA - NIGHT. (SEPTEMBER 2015)**

Donny sits opposite a man this time. Again, not listening. Again, lost in his thoughts as they talk at him.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I wasn't interested in love-- I had
no capacity for it anymore--*

107 **INT. COCKTAIL BAR, MAIN AREA - NIGHT. (SEPTEMBER 2015)**

Donny sits opposite a trans woman this time. Again, miles away. Not fully listening as she talks.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I just wanted these people to
provide fucking answers--*

108 **SCENE DELETED.**

109 **SCENE DELETED.**

110 **SCENE DELETED.**

111 **INT. COCKTAIL BAR, CORRIDORS - NIGHT. (SEPTEMBER 2015)**

Donny walks with pace down the corridor. Escaping from the bar. On the verge of a full-blown panic attack.

DONNY (V.O.)
*-- as I spurned and alienated every
 single one of them--*

Donny crashes through the doors to the outside--

112 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)
Until I met--

113 **INT. COCKTAIL BAR, TABLE - NIGHT. (OCTOBER 2015)**

Teri sits down at the table opposite Donny.

TERI
 You're cuter in person, than you
 are online..

Donny laughs bashfully. Then smiles at her.

DONNY (V.O.)
*I mean, she was everything I
 wanted. Everything I needed. Smart.
 Funny. Confident. Strong--*

Teri laughs and takes his hand. Snapping us into--

114 **INT. LGBTQIA+ CLUB, MAIN BAR - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

A repeat of Episode Two, Scene 40. Teri sitting opposite Donny. Staring at him smoulderingly.

TERI
 Come back with me tonight--

Donny nods, apprehensively. Teri takes his hand.

DONNY (V.O.)
*But with every hand hold-- or
 lingering piece of eye contact,
 came a crushing sense of anger and
 shame-- that I was falling in love
 with her-- that I couldn't hide in
 anonymity anymore--*

TERI
Just don't tell Tony...

Teri smiles, then stands up. We stay on Donny, panic growing.

115 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)
*-- and perhaps most bitter of all--
that I might not feel this way, if
he hadn't done what he did--*

116 **SCENE DELETED.**

117 **SCENE DELETED.**

118 **SCENE DELETED.**

119 **SCENE DELETED.**

120 **SCENE DELETED.**

121 **SCENE DELETED.**

122 **SCENE DELETED.**

123 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN AREA - NIGHT. (AUGUST 2015)**

Lock-in time. Close up on Donny. Sitting at the table. Full of melancholy as he stares out ahead. Numb. Paralysed. In slow motion. Stuck in time. Out of body and inside mind.

DONNY (V.O.)
*The dream had died-- I went from a
comedian who worked in a bar, to a
barman who worked as a comedian--*

We see what Donny sees. He watches the lock-in. Everyone laughing and joking and clapping in slow motion as Gino tries to slap his balls in Greggsy's face.

DONNY (V.O.)
*Now I was stuck. Surrounded by
pilsner misogynists so
heteronormative I could do nothing
but crave their approval--*

Donny looks down for a moment. Full of contemplation.

DONNY (V.O.)
*Am I gay? Straight? Something in
 between--? That's the thing when
 you doubt yourself. You feel like
 everyone knows. Like they're
 waiting to catch you out. Like your
 eyes are clear glass windows onto
 the most tightly held secret of
 your life--*

Donny looks back up to see they are all staring at him. When--

124 **SCENE DELETED.**

125 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)
-- but when Martha turned up--

126 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - DAY. (AUGUST 2015)**

A repeat of Episode One, Scene 15. The door shoots open and Martha stands in the doorway. Fixing him with an adoring stare and a flirtatious smile. As though suspended in time.

DONNY (V.O.)
-- all those confusions faded--

127 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - NIGHT. (SEPTEMBER 2015)**

A repeat of Episode One, Scene 23. Martha sitting at the bar. Very much monologuing at him.

DONNY (V.O.)
*-- as she reached seemingly without
 effort into the darkest pockets of
 my insecurity and turned them to
 light---*

MARTHA
*-- it should be illegal to have
 your bone structure too, you know--
 they should tax you for it-- man
 tax--!*

DONNY (V.O.)
*Martha saw me the way I wanted to
 be seen--*

Martha giggles up at him. Donny smiles back. Drawn in.

DONNY (V.O.)

So when it came to the point of going to the police-- I just couldn't stand the irony of reporting her but not him--

128 **SCENE DELETED.**

129 **SCENE DELETED.**

130 **SCENE DELETED.**

131 **SCENE DELETED.**

132 **INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN RECEPTION - DAY. (JANUARY 2016)**

A repeat of Scene 2. Donny entering the station. The door clanging shut. Daniels's unwelcoming stare. Him walking up to the front desk. Slowly. Nerves mounting.

DONNY (V.O.)

There was always a sense that she was ill, that she couldn't help it-- whereas he was a pernicious, manipulative groomer. To admit to her was to admit to him, and I hadn't admitted him to anyone yet--

133 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

Martha was woven into the fabric of my deepest secrets. Wielding this control over me that even she wasn't aware she had.

(beat)

So when the policeman asked--

134 **INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN RECEPTION - DAY. (JANUARY 2016)**

Back to present. As we were. Daniels asking Donny--

DANIELS

Why did it take you so long to report it--?

Donny looks down. Thinking. Then looks back up at him. For a moment it looks like he is going to explode forth with everything. His eyes filling with tears. When, suddenly--

DONNY

I don't know...

Donny looks down at his feet, ashamed. Daniels nods.

DANIELS

Go home, look through her emails--
and when you find something of
significance, come back. Don't
engage with her and don't let her
get your phone number. Until then,
we can't stop her getting public
transport--

(beat)

Even at the end of your road--

*
*

Daniels presses a button which unlocks the door behind.

DONNY (V.O.)

And just like that--

(beat)

It was over.